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AND

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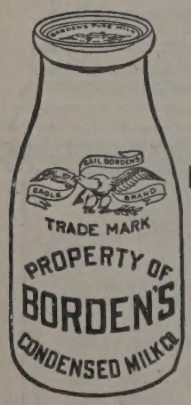

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1908 | NUMBER 4

Moreover also I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them.—*Ezek. xx. 12.*

Bright shadows of true rest, some shoots of blisse;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladnesse prepossest in this;
A day to seek;
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days, and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower,
The narrow way;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking home;
The cool o' the day!
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six-days-showres.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

Probably the City Council will pass the new electric light bill, just as it did pass the telephone ordinance, because the corporation agents offer more persuasive arguments than do the common citizens who only seek justice and a square deal, but it was a clever alderman who suggested that the bill should be held up "until just before election and then passed," for that might be too late to defeat the reëlection of its supporters! And yet there are more elections coming!

There seems little reason to doubt that the coming election will be "pulled off"—to use the appropriate prize ring phrase—on schedule time and just about as the political bosses have ordered. On August 8 next the primary law will go into effect and we think there will be some surprises in store for the loyal partisans who feel under greater obligations to the party than to the city or to the right. The more arbitrary and the more inexcusably partisan are the actions of the politicians now, the greater will be the uprising next fall.

The recent action of Hartford Theological Seminary in providing a course of study to equip its students to minister to the bodies as well as the souls of men, is exceedingly interesting and suggestive in several relations. Whether one thinks of the Christian Science Movement, or of "Faith Healing," or of the recent Emmanuel Church movement, which helps and heals by psychological suggestion, or of the therapeutic value of prayer, or of recent explanations of the "miracles" of Jesus—whichever way one looks he is sure to recognize marked signs of transition in theological thought and teaching. How anyone can regard a sixteenth century creed as adequate for this age seems the greatest of miracles.

As noted elsewhere in our news department, the alleged "conspiracy to smirch Mayor Busse," concocted by the "Douglas Ministers' Committee," was mostly a newspaper sensation engineered for political purposes. No one at all conversant with the facts, no one who knows that Mayor Busse took oath to enforce all the laws of the city and the state and now steadfastly refuses to enforce some of the laws, can have any doubt about the need of an investigation of city affairs, or much question as to the accuracy of the charge that there is a collusion between the officials and the criminals of the city. Our brother minister may have been imposed upon, but there is absolutely nothing to discredit his zeal for righteousness or his honorable and straightforward method of procedure. The circumstances favored a cry for political ends, but the real merits of the matter remain unchanged, and it is plain to be seen that few, if any, will be deluded by the cry of "stop thief," especially when emanating from such sources and against such men as these clergymen are known to be.

The writer was recently carried on a railway train through some of the congested districts of the city, out into the beautiful countryside, where tokens of spring and of life and beauty were evident on every hand; the confident assertion of our friend N. O. Nelson that "the only solution of the city is to transport it to the country" was borne in with new force and conviction. Palliative measures there are, and more and more these redemptive forces, the play grounds, the "boon green spaces," the better economic, social and ethical conditions—all these must be developed, but after all the tenement life, the narrow alley, the enforced congestion and association of the city, remains, and remains a mighty engine of destruction to body and soul. The hopeful solution is to move the shops and the factories, all the work houses, out into the country districts; not only cheaper land and lower rent, but better air, more room, more sky and more humanity is possible. By cheapening the cost and increasing the facilities of transportation, by bringing the city and country closer together, by overcoming the injustices and increasing the honesty of business, by making more rational and more righteous our modes and methods of life, may it not be possible to set the tides of life backward to the woods and the fields and render unnecessary and unadvantageous the congestion of the city? At any rate, the

redemptive force of the country home life seems infinite as compared with the mere cleaning up of the back alley, necessary as that may be.

UNITY shares with an ever increasing host of noble men and women a profound interest in the humanitarian movements of the day. Whatever tends to lessen human suffering, to lighten human sorrow, to contribute to the comfort, happiness and helpfulness of men and women, deserves and ultimately will receive the hearty approval of all men worthy the name. None the less it is true that love of money and power, greed and graft, make capital out of misfortune and even traffic in men and women. During the past four or five years our good friend, Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has been seeking in every way possible to secure better and more humane treatment for the wards of the state in the almshouses and asylums of Michigan. She has done noble and heroic work there as everywhere, and has attained national recognition as an expert authority along social and humanitarian lines, and in helping people to help themselves. Recently Mrs. Crane has headed a committee which uncovered an unusual amount of political inefficiency and criminal carelessness or worse, in the almshouses of the state, and so has aroused the opposition of the political ring responsible. Facts are not wanting, but it is the old story of political influence which keeps the public in ignorance of the real state of affairs. We are fortunate in being able to announce that Mrs. Crane will speak at Lincoln Centre next Sunday, March 29, at 11 a. m., on these "Forgotten People" of the almshouses, and the story will be as interesting as it will be trenchant and revealing. Temporary delay there may be, but Mrs. Crane is as certain to win in her battle as right and justice are to triumph.

The Story of the Religious Periodical

There is nothing that marks more clearly the new emphasis in religion than the stories that now appear in denominational publications when compared with those that appeared an age ago.

It is but seldom that any story of high literary merit appears in these papers, because most of the writing for them is done for little or no financial return, and it is done by amateur or semi-professional writers. Also one finds the flavor of preaching most frequently in them. The major part of the old offensive parade of the moral of the story is left out in the new, but a bit of its flavor remains to mar the artistic beauty and often the elevating effect of the story. However, the new is so superior in every way as to be a thing of unstinted praise in the comparison.

What marks the new as distinct from the old is its point of view. Now life is written about from an earthly point of view, whereas formerly the point of view seemed to be that of the Heavenly Land. The old was stilted and unnatural to the last degree; the new is, at least measurably, natural and sane. The reason for this change is to be found in the different spirit of this age, which is decidedly less "otherworldly" than any that has gone before. This is due to the fact that this is a scientific age, in which men are taught to deal in things of sense and meet all problems in a practical way.

The effect of this change is transforming society. One cannot help being touched by these stories of human service. As one feels the stirring within to kindlier deeds and broader life that comes from his reading, he is led to reflect on the vast number of people who come under the influence of this kind of reading. It has found its way into the books of our public schools, so that instead of the stilted reading of former days and the unnaturally pious reading of the church school something humane and kindly is instilled into the minds of our children.

This does not stop with influencing the association we have with our fellows, but is reaching out to all forms of life, because of the sympathy established by knowledge, until the roughest boy is becoming a protector where he once was a destroyer. All of this is a prophecy of better things to come, for literature is today so widely read as to be all-powerful when united in a purpose. The secular and the religious press being united in promoting the humane, we may expect the wave to mount until it sweeps away abuses of unnumbered ages and makes our regard for life so sacred and comprehensive as to secure it the conditions necessary for its highest development.

W. M. BACKUS.

The Real Church

It becomes increasingly apparent that truth knows neither sect nor creed, even as "God is no respecter of persons." The scholars of the world no doubt all have their individual view points, and their statements of truth are colored either consciously or unwittingly by their heritage and training, their faiths and creeds, but the real contributions to the wisdom and even to the creeds of the world come from all denominations, conservative as well as liberal, catholic as well as protestant. The Pope may promulgate his encyclicals against modernity, but humanity continues a pilgrim to a far goal, and no vision or truth of yesterday can remain the prize for tomorrow's race. The obvious fact is that men have always been striving towards the truth "if haply they might him"—and yesterday's struggle, yesterday's sectarian division and creedal statement, is only valuable as it helps us to press on with better courage and surer footsteps to that selfsame unattained goal.

Many instances of the undenominationalism of true scholarship and of the growing interdenominationalism of our religious leaders have been noted in recent days, and very many could be mentioned if need were. An interesting fact has come to our attention in connection with a forthcoming book by Rev. Joseph Crooker

entitled "The Church—a Plea for Its Primacy Among Institutions." Although Dr. Crooker is known as a Unitarian, his scholarship is not denominational and his stirring plea for the church as a primal force in human affairs will be welcomed by leaders in all denominations. It is not surprising that this volume will be published jointly by three different denominations, one being the Congregational Pilgrim Press.

Another significant fact is the recent decision of the trustees of Andover Theological Seminary to remove to Cambridge and come into coöperation with the University. This is one of the oldest Congregational seminaries; it was originally founded because of the Unitarian teaching at Harvard and as a denominational movement against what was believed to be subversive of the Christian Faith. Many reasons are given for the recent action which will bring this seminary into close affiliation with the Harvard Divinity School, but the Congregational *Advance* asserts none of these reasons is the right one, which is "that there was not enough theological difference to keep them apart." Andover has a large endowment fund, but in recent years there have been almost, if not quite, as few students as there were professors. It is hoped the new move and the connection with Harvard University will increase the attendance and usefulness of the institution. Whatever may be said in this connection, it is obviously true that the real church is not a sectarian institution; it is rather the company of all the sons of God, the Father of us all. When it is so hard for Christians to get along with each other, how hard it must be for "The Great Head of the Church" to enfold them all under one canopy of love and leadership! What wonder that sad lament—

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not."

But let us rejoice in the growing fellowship and coöperation of the churches. Surely the world will be filialized when it is fraternized. C. A. O.

The Birthright

What is the birthright Man receives?
Not joy—for many a mortal grieves;
Not strength—for countless souls are born
To toil in weakness and in scorn;
Not love—for some must love in vain;
Not health—for many breathe in pain.

Yet each one born upon the earth
Possesses, from the hour of birth,
That which has nerved the struggling race
To every victory man can trace;
A talisman which urges on
Through battles lost to battles won;
A birthright some have called a curse:
Hunger—could anything be worse?

Yet hunger—first for bread, then love,
Then power, then truth, then things above—
Is man's eternal intimate,
As old as Time, as close as Fate;
And still it urges, with a cry
Beyond this world to satisfy,
Till, as it came with man, it goes
Beyond Death's portals that unclose,
And man, still hungering, passes on
From out the known to the unknown.

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY CHICAGO YEARS.

Chicago, in 1866, was a city of more than two hundred thousand people, a three-sided city spread out fanwise around the lake. By act of God and the energy of man it was destined to be a metropolis of the new, uprising West. As Robert Collyer once said, in a mood of fancy, when "Nature called the lakes, the forests and the prairies together in convention, they decided that on this spot a great city should be built." Then, as now, there was a Chicago spirit—free, generous, practical, and intensely energetic—the ideal realism of the West mixed with the crude stuff of a city in the making.

The men of Chicago asked that their religious teachers be, first of all, good citizens. After that, that their teachings, recommended by whatever intellectual beauty and virility, should be simple, noble, and usable. The spirit of the city was actively democratic on all sides, and hospitable to every form of faith that promised good to man. But each faith had to make its way along the rough unpaved roads of human need and struggle, and to such as proved sane, rational and uplifting, there was an eager welcome and a fair field. In this city of "the large and liberal air" David Swing felt at home, its very genius being a spirit to match his own. Of that genius he wrote, in the *Lakeside Monthly:*

"It appears that, not only in Arabian dream but that in reality, there is a genius of each place holding an invisible wand that touches every heart. A Quaker influence presides over Philadelphia; a Calvinistic Hercules holds Pittsburg in great subjection; and thus onward until each city may be seen to lie under a powerful enchantment peculiar to itself. *Chicago is an attempt at evangelism.* All the details of the creeds between Jerusalem and Geneva seem forgotten. It has been driven to what is called a practical gospel—driven by its multitudes, that need virtue more than theology, and driven by the failure of didactic theology elsewhere. It enjoys the advantage of past public experience. . . . The Episcopal churches here are full of Calvinists whose heads never received the Bishop's benediction in regular line; and the common meeting houses are full of those who were once confirmed in the Apostolic church. Roman Catholic children crowd our free schools here. All the way from Robert Collyer to Robert Patterson the preaching is practical, free from sectarianism, full of persuasion through love. The city being the halting place of a great army of business men, not of pilgrims seeking a blinking Madonna, the local gospel was compelled to become a mode of virtue, rather than a jumble of doctrines."

Swing lived on Cass avenue when he first came to the city, and the Westminster Church—a wooden structure—stood on the corner of Dearborn and Ontario streets, nearby. Two little daughters, Mamie and Helen, had come to bless his fireside, making his home a picture of joy. Mrs. Swing was a woman of whom there is not much to tell to the outside world. She was skilled in all the arts of the home, a devoted wife and mother, gentle-hearted and full of kindly hospitality. The Professor—the title followed him to the end—was ever a countryman come to town, free and simple in his ways. He was an engaging talker when the spirit moved or the occasion permitted, having a rich fund of apposite stories inevitably pertinent in their application. At such times his humor was wonderfully sweet and bright, and always stingless. That, like all his gifts, was under control, and was displayed only at fit time and place. He loved the informalities of life, that is, this side of the unconventionality which

affronts good taste. But he *preached* only on Sunday. He neither mentioned his sermons in advance nor warmed them over in conversation after they were delivered. "What do you intend to preach about next Sunday?" said a lady whose discretion was not obvious. "O, even my wife never knows that," was the reply. One night each week he kept open house for the young people of the church, and they came and brought their friends. At time of parting all would gather about the piano and sing some old-time hymns for good night. Miss Sophia Kimball writes:

"Professor Swing entered our home the year of his arrival in Chicago, a neighbor. My father was an elder in the old Westminster church. The writer, a young girl, did not fare the same at his hands as later in Rome when Bishop Chatard, now of Vincennes, passed evenings with the parents, of being a disregarded presence. The Professor had the country custom of 'running in.' Caught in the music room on one occasion, he carelessly said, 'Play for me.' What a slow, ponderous bearing he had—how solemn. Among loose sheets of music lay Chopin's Funeral March, surely there would be no mistake with that selection. It proved a red letter day, for he remarked at the close, 'That is not a funeral march, but the march of humanity. I love it more than anything in music. You might repeat it again and again to me and I would not tire.' My first interpreter had come. We knew each other forever."

But it was in the pulpit that he shone. There were revealed his thoughts moving in large orbit, the exquisite tenderness of his poetry, his delicate sentiment, his humor, his pathos, his satire keen and polished, his philosophy, his charity, and his learning wide as all good literature. His powers were so finely poised that one knew not which quality was the most attractive. Those who heard him then did not regard him as a coming man, but as one who had come in grace and power. One who listened to him in the old wooden church left this memory, which appeared, anonymously, in the *Chicago Pulpit:*

"'Come,' said a friend, 'and I will show you the homeliest preacher I ever saw, and the most interesting.' I went—to the Westminster church on the North Side—and I went again, and again. I was not prepared for such a powerful essay with so little show of power; for essay it was, though there was a text tacked on. I better understood the magic of an oratory of subdued tones, greater than the most showy rhetoric or the stormiest bluster. He was indeed homely and awkward, but one soon forgot that. It was a new kind of preaching, so comprehensive, so tender, so close to life, and withal so effortless. There was nothing in excess, not a line overshaded, and it was all in a strain of noble humility of spirit. His modesty, his serenity, his insight, reminded me of Emerson, whom I had heard in Boston, though there was a vein of sadness in him which Emerson did not have—a proneness to delicate, dreamy, twilight thoughts. No sermon went far without a touch of this gentle, wistful pathos, or a faint gleam of humor. Much of his charm lay in the unaffectedness of his faith; he was too sure of the great truths to argue about them. His aim seemed to be to lift the doctrines of faith out of their old settings, and bathe them in that light of nature and revelation which is universal. His sermons, while at times unusually striking in single periods, were more effective in their cumulative impression as a whole. He created an atmosphere of faith in which Christian truth seemed not only more attractive, but more real. He made me feel that life was worth while and moving on to a high destiny, and that the finer things were near me."

Such a preacher was not long in being found out, and the wooden edifice was soon too small to hold his audiences. In 1868 came the union of the Old and New Schools of Presbyterianism, and the Westminster was united with the North Church under the present name of the Fourth Church. The two ministers became associate pastors of the new body, Swing taking the evening service and his colleague the morning service. This was not a happy arrangement and there was some friction, owing to the jealousy of the older man. As an inspirer of direction in the growing life of the young Swing was singulary gifted, and his services were largely attended. But they were not sufficiently evangelistic to suit his co-worker. One day the good man came into the study to talk the matter over with Swing, and to remind him of some of his shortcomings. Finally, in behalf of a better understanding, he drew forth from a cavernous pocket the draft of an agreement which he wished Swing to sign, it being a kind of shorter catechism of their joint tenets. Swing took his pencil in his left hand—he was left-handed—and drew a mark across the document, saying, "Dr. ——, if you attempt to put me in your overcoat pocket, I will kick the lining out!" The Doctor was very angry and it was not long before he sought other fields of labor, leaving Swing in charge of the new church.

The sermons of this period, such as have come down to us, betray many of the characteristics of his maturer work. Beauty was always there, sometimes as a decoration, but more often as a grace inwrought and native as tints to the rose. As to style, all he attempted to do was to say what was in his mind, and have done with it, but his language was the natural speech of a mind full of beauty and benign light. A few passages from a sermon on the "Defects of Liberal Christianity," which created a flurry of discussion at the time—1869—may serve as an example and an incident:

"Whether it is necessary, we do not say; but it is, as a simple fact, the misfortune of Liberal Christianity that it severs the ties of religious feelings between the present and the long past. It breaks away, not simply from the creed of Fenelon and Wesley, but from their sharply-defined religious states and acts. Turning aside from these, it becomes criticism of religion, or esthetics, or culture; but religion it is not. Feeling called upon to battle against some of the dogmas of by-gone days, it went too far, and broke fellowship with the spirit of devotion that is in the world. It is hard to limit or hold within bounds the critical method. Lord Jeffery learned how to review poetry, but he forgot how to produce it. It has, in some such manner, come to pass that Liberalism has not only attacked doctrines, but has severed the bonds of the spirit. . . . Old orthodoxy may have been associated with errors, and may be full of them still, but it has been grandly religious all the way from Christ and John to Edwards and Wesley. It comes to us like the vernal wind which Dante felt touching his temples as he entered the middle Paradise—a wind that 'never intermitted, never veered,' but swept along gently, forever bringing perfume and bird-song from the forest of Chiassi. Through the old church, dear to Augustine, and Whitefield, and Chalmers, has been wafted without intermission the perfume and melody of holy worship. It touches the temples of men today just as it did when Massillion or Guyon bowed in prayer. We fear to enter the new antagonism called Liberalism, lest along the new path the sacred wind, starting up from Patmos, might not be felt upon the face nor whispering about the heart.

"One thing we know, that there is a spirit, a genius of religion, as distinctly featured as a statue by Phidias or Angelo. . . . The Quakers never cast themselves into a mere critical inquiry. To them God is everything. Their religion is not love of music, nor pageantry, nor art. It is religion in its last analysis; a golden chain, hanging, day and night, between God and man; a Jacob's ladder of the soul. The Unitarian rallies around an intellectual standpoint; the Quaker around an affectionate tie to God. The one is logic, the other is love. . . . An elegant writer says that lawyers, and other intellectual men, should read much in the best poetry to soften their life. Upon reading this we remember that Cicero pleaded, for that reason, for the poet Archias, and that Burke and Pitt and Curran were lovers of great poetry. Oh, it must be that out of this corner of their heaven fell the sunshine that made their eloquence so rich and warm. But if such is the influence of the poetic spirit, how can human life dare step aside when the sweet tide of worship swells in the world! Stepping aside from this, we are suddenly separate, not more from theology than from the dearest associations of piety. When the air is full of voices and angelic forms, step aside?"

The sermon tempts to quotation, but this is enough to reveal the temper of his mind and the attitude of his thought. It explains, also, why he always held somewhat aloof from the liberal movement, despite the fact that he had much in common with it. Here was the old criticism that Liberalism is more intellectual than spiritual, more negative than positive, all sunlight and no twilight, though a deeper insight would have

disclosed that Liberalism is, at bottom, a mysticism. Robert Collyer, of Unity Church, replied to this sermon under the title, "The Mistakes of David Swing." But Dr. Collyer was not, in fact, a fair test of what Swing had in mind, for his faith, like Swing's, was kindled never to go out at an old-time Methodist altar. The tone of Collyer's reply led Swing to feel that he had wounded that lovable man, and this grieved him deeply. Dr. Collyer tells how it ended: "My sermon was also printed, and on the Monday morning following I met Swing on the street. He held out his hand with a smile, and said, 'I will not do that again.' I laughed also and said, 'All right, old man,' or words to that effect. He was more cut up about it than I was, and I just had to forgive him. He was a dear man, sweet of heart and full of reason, and after he got free, the most eminent preacher in our city barring none."

But that did not end the matter for Swing, who carried in his heart a regret that he had said anything to mar Christian fellowship. Nearly twenty years later, in an anniversary sermon, we find him recalling that sermon as an unhappy memory. "The sermon which I regret most of all in this long ministry was born of the midnight lamp and the theological notes taken in a seminary before the practical had fully come, and its burden was to prove that Robert Collyer, with his Unitarians, could not achieve as much good in the world as they could did he say along with us Presbyterians that 'there are three persons in the Godhead: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and these three are one, the same in substance, equal in power and glory.' What proofs were in the sermon have passed from memory; all is gone except the general unwavering conviction that it was a bad sermon aimed at a good man."

In 1871 came the great fire which left Chicago a charred and blackened ruin, as if the fires of Inferno had been permitted for a night and a day to devastate a city of this planet. Swing lost everything—his church, his home, and his library. Mr. Donald Fletcher writes: "On Monday morning of the big fire I overtook Professor Swing, his wife and two daughters, going up North Clark street ahead of the fire, and took them to my rooms in the school on North Halsted street. Professor Swing had the baby's hand in his left and with his right hand pulled a child's express wagon with a few pieces of table silver. 'Hello, Donald!' he said; 'these are all I have left. Gold (pointing to his wife and children), silver, and hope.'" A young divinity student, a guest in his home, had undertaken to save his papers and old sermons by carrying them in a trunk on his shoulder. He tripped and fell, the trunk flew open, and a gust of wind filled the street with flying papers. This, Swing said, was a bit of good fortune, for it put his old sermons out of reach so they could not tempt him in an idle hour.

The spirits of the city quickly revived, and Swing went east to raise funds to rebuild his church. While in Brooklyn he met Beecher for the first time, which was the beginning of a friendship which lasted, through good and evil days, to the end. On his return, the Fourth Church resumed its services in Standard Hall, in the residence portion of South Division, that being the only available auditorium. Soon the hall was too small, and when the McVicker's Theater reappeared in the burnt district the church worshiped there, as it was more centrally located. There the papers discovered Swing, and his sermons were printed every Monday morning and widely read. Taking advantage of the fire, the churches were moving away from the center of the city, and Swing was urged to remain at McVicker's Theater, on the ground that such a down-town meeting place was needed; the more so since he had attracted new hearers from all parts of the city. These overtures, however, he put aside and returned to his newly built temple, and his new friends followed him.

It has been said, even by friends, that it was his trial for heresy that lifted David Swing into public notice. Far from it. As early as 1872 he had won national repute as a preacher of rare gifts both of thought and of literary style, and his growing influence and fame made him a shining target for the heresy-hunter. His sermons were published weekly, in part, and after the *Inter Ocean* was founded, in full; and they attracted attention immediately—the poet Whittier being the first wise man of the East to hail the new star in the West. *The Alliance* was started in 1873, with Swing as chief editorial writer, assisted by Drs. Thomas, Powers, Helmer, and others; and it was a bright and interesting paper. Then, as always, Swing was a watcher of life who never left the roadside, and his editorials, written with Adisonian elegance and ease, covered a vast range of current opinion and event. They were thoughtful and well-considered, with now and then a glint of quiet humor which played over the human scene with sympathy and delight. He measured men shrewdly, yet kindly, and his summarizations of character were always definitive. *The Alliance* stood for much the same way of thinking as is now called "the new orthodoxy," and as such it became the organ of liberal minds in all the sects—for it was undenominational—and of those who walked alone of the scattered friends of a better faith in far places. It was known as "Professor Swing's paper," and his name, with those of his associates, gave it a large following.

Swing had now come to his own, and the people in large numbers had come to him. He was a man among men, of the world as well as in it, a student of men and things as well as of books; though to his fame as a preacher he added a parallel fame as a scholar. He never fell into that pessimistic, denunciatory tone which was then, as now, so often a besetting sin of the pulpit. Even in laying bare public evils, which he did with surgeon-like insight, he spoke more in sorrow than in anger, and over all was the mantle of charity and brotherly regard. Nor was he of those who judged the battle from afar by the din and smoke thereof. He knew men in all ranks and walks of life, men of affairs, men of the bench and the bar, journalists, writers, stage folk, and the rest. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were among his dear friends, as were Garfield, Custer and Hayes. Swing carried into his life and manner very little of that atmosphere we call clerical; men knew him for a full-orbed, genuine man, a minister who needed not to advertise his presence. The following pen-picture of him in these years was drawn by Dr. C. L. Thompson:

"If you happen into the Fourth Presbyterian church any Sunday morning you will see on the pulpit platform a very quiet, unassuming man, of medium height, weight and age, with smooth face, brown hair combed back, friendly eyes, well-molded forehead, large mouth, and heavy jaws—that is Professor Swing. When he begins the service you perceive that he is not a graceful man. His voice has a singular drawl, yet not wholly unpleasant. Its tones are persuasive, and suggest a gentle spirit. He does not stand erect, but half leans upon the desk, and reads the Bible, or engages in prayer in subdued and measured tones. You will not listen long till you conclude there is not much self-consciousness there. As the sermon pro-

ceeds you become interested. An uncouth manner, awkward gestures, and poetic thought have a fitness about them that makes an attractive *tout ensemble*. You become aware as you are quietly borne on from sentence to sentence of a mind that sees things in large and general relations. A certain indefiniteness suggests a long perspective. There is no clank of the surveyor's chain, but only the sliding in and out of an object glass that adjusts the vision now to one focus, now to another, but always to a beautiful picture. When he closes you perceive that he has lured you through a very pleasant land, shown you some stimulating truths, and perhaps grounded you in certain broad principles which underlie the separate forms of church life and doctrine. He has not analyzed much, but he has created a good deal, and left you to make your own application. As you leave the sanctuary you will probably carry some such impressions as these: That man has not striven after any effect, but his thoughts run in his own mold, and have been before me in a form unhackneyed. He has not clearly asserted any new proposition, but he has been climbing to a broader view that holds within its picture-lines many propositions. . . . In a word, he has not exactly preached to me, but he and I have had a ramble in fields that hold within them the possibilities of a good harvest. And, especially, I think the vital force of that sermon was in a tender, earnest sentiment, a kind of implied friendship between us, and an implied aspiration in his heart and mine towards a higher life. And if you should thus judge you would not greatly misjudge the preacher of Fourth Church."

Such was the charm of David Swing in those far off years, as it was felt by the men who sat in the pews. One thing was clear. He had caught the ear of that large class of thoughtful people—men in particular, for they formed the majority of his audiences—to whom the statement of faith by the established theologies was unsatisfactory. Once a very few, this class who preferred to live out of doors, so to speak, had become a multitude. They were tinged, some of them, with the current scepticism, but they showed in their lives the essential Christian virtues—sometimes to a degree which put churchmen to shame. If not devotional, they were devoted. Having made no professions, they made no pretensions. These unsatisfied souls, this church outside of the church, recognized in Swing a teacher who was making the Christian faith reasonable and credible to his age. Men who had long been estranged from faith returned, at his invitation, to learn it anew.

While the Civil War was going on, another battle was being fought in the invisible realm of ideas, even as around the walls of Ilium, as Homer saw them, two battles were raging—one between Greeks and Trojans on the ensanguined earth; another in the viewless air, waged by gods and godesses. "My poems," wrote Matthew Arnold to his mother in 1869, "represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day." That period, "the last quarter of a century," began with the retreat of Newman, and included, among other things, the "Essays and Reviews," Renan's "Life of Jesus," Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man," a period when men were

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,"

or, at least, in the throes of birth. On the surface a perpetual skirmish about particular dogmas was going on, while from beneath a restless spirit was prying into the foundations of faith. No ancient opinion was safe from challenge. The old apologetic had become suddenly helpless in the presence of a new critical method which called in question its premises and authorities. And along with this doubt of the sterner sort, which wrought with "said sincerity" and was much nearer faith than it knew, there was another doubt, not a landscape but a mist, a vague, drifting, evasive doubt as elusive as a vapor. How clearly Swing saw the new situation, may be seen in a striking sermon on "The Influence of Democracy on Christian Doctrine." He said, speaking of the pulpit:

"The themes of the pulpit will always be assigned afresh by each new generation. When our catechisms were being written, the chief enemy upon the horizon was the Romanists, and hence many are the darts aimed by the Westminster soldiers at the papal hosts. New arrows and new armor are now demanded for new foes. The field of battle shifts from Paul to Genesis. The mass and prayers for the dead are not so alarming as the crucible of the chemist. It is not Arius and Arminius now that we fear. It is Darwin and Buckle. New methods also arise. Once it was enough if the pulpit brought to the multitudes the statements found in holy Scriptures, but now the public asks us to prove that the Scriptures are holy. To unfold the text was the easy task of our fathers; to find warrant for the text is the more difficult work of their children. A new method divested of authority and weighed down with rationalism and doubt has gradually displaced the authoritative declaration and warning of yesterday. Christ comes not announced by a simple herald, but led by a spiritual and intellectual philosophy. The banner of the Cross is borne by the impulse of its own fitness and beauty, rather than by the command of Butler and Paley. Hence the pulpit is compelled to discuss themes that were foreign to its office a few years since. With the growth of rationalism, it must more carefully separate the true from the false, to meet the new love of the real truth and the new ridicule of all folly and superstition."

So he read the flying scroll of his age, without fear and without despair. Swing followed this revolution of thought and its accompanying agitation, but he was singularly unshaken by it. He was too sure-footed to be swept off his feet by the currents of the age, and too calm to be confused by its voices. He knew that ages of doubt must needs come, and he did not heep anathemas upon the men of the negative mood. He saw that the passing cloud of scepticism was in reality the shadow of a mighty, oncoming faith; a movement of essential affirmation, "a new love of the real truth;" a tendency toward a more satisfying consciousness of things eternal—an age in quest of faith. When others feared that religion was declining, Swing saw it emerging from a chrysalis of dogma into the warm and sunny air of a larger confidence. In that day it seemed to many that the face of God was deeply veiled, as if

> "The morning of the world,
> When earth was nearer heaven than now,"

had faded into a dull, drab, colorless noon-day, if not into a dark twilight. But this, Swing urged, was only seeming. Faith was not dying but only changing its form, and plying its precious arts in new fields. From remote regions of rosy haze, from chasing the spectres of the abstract, it was coming down to earth. He saw the coming of a new sense of justice, a new pity for the poor, a new social feeling, a new faith which affirmed that poverty, crime, disease, and numberless other evils, spawn of ignorance, need not and must not be. The tide of interest had, indeed, ebbed from the shores of another life, but tides ebb and flow. How sorely this serene and wise optimism was needed in that age few now know or realize. Of the scene of panic in which he stood, he said:

"As in times of great epidemics the death scenes are so numerous that those in perfect health lose confidence in life and go about bewildered, as though already doomed to the grave, so in the great critical period around us so widespread has been the destruction of old church notions that many are acting and feeling as though God and heaven had come to an end. My young friends, the earth is old. It may have seen on its surface six or ten or fifty thousand years of that human existence which you see today. In all that long period the heart has knelt by some altar, and has come to the grave in some kind of a hope and trust. Many religions have come, bringing what of virtue and joy they knew, but no mortal in the long gone centuries has prayed or acted or died in the name of any spiritual philosophy which can equal that worship out of the broad bosom of which rises the Cross of Christ. Religion is rooted in the nature of man, and is at once his saving grace and his crowning glory. So long as man confronts God, he what he is, God what He is, there will be speech the one to

the other; and that speech is religion. Its dialects have been many, but its language is one throughout the ages. Systems of theology—mere tents of the journeying mind— may have their day and cease to be; but religion endures, and of its years there will be no end.''

Agnosticism was the reigning word of that age, just as psychology is on the throne now. It was held to be a mark of superior intelligence to say "I do not know," and in a tone implying that no one could know, in regard to all matters religious. This dogma ranged all the way from the dignified modesty of Spencer and Huxley to the supercillious blush of young men for the audacity of their fathers, a fashionable ignorance, and a fad. Swing was surprised to know that he had been an agnostic in many things before Huxley coined the resounding word, as the man in the French story was interested to know that he had been speaking prose for years without knowing it. He learned easily the lesson of Christian agnosticism—the lesson, that is, not of negation but of humility, of pause before ultimate mystery. So far he was willing to join in the general blush at thought of what the old theologians knew. But for the agnosticism which said that man is finite in all things except his ignorance, and in that infinite, he had only a smile. As a new marking of the old and familiar limits of mortal thought—known to the Greeks in a proverb, "Think as a mortal"—agnosticism, he saw, was a wise and salutary modesty. But spiritual stupidity was another and different thing.

It was the same with the dogma of Evolution, which came in with much noise and bluster and beating of the bass drum. An excessive valuation was given to the theory by the public, and facile minds quickly elaborated it into a system of bald materialism. As Swing saw it, this amounted to a war of the soul against dust. His mental attitude was that of an evolutionist, but he hesitated to accept the doctrine of Darwin, not that he was unfriendly to it as such, but he held that the naturalist had not proved his theory. Moreover, having purchased at a great cost his liberty from the Calvinistic dogma of Supernatural Election, he was slow to submit to the same despotism in the form of the scientific dogma of Natural Selection. Here his humor, never far away, came upon the scene. "It is indeed strange that once religion spent much of her time in attempting to show that man was only a vile worm, and that now when religion has ceased from its doleful strain science should have taken up the castaway ditty, and is singing the worm-like origin and destiny of the race. Between the recent theories of evolution and the self-reproaches of the old fathers, man has not been injured by flattery. Poor mortal! destined always to live with a mill-stone about his neck fastened on him either by a monk or a materialist." Later, as we shall see, he discussed the dogma with great sympathy and care, interposing objections which he never withdrew as long as he lived. He held that the dogmatism of the scientist was of a kind with that of the theologian, and should be valued in the same way. The terms of the one were but little less lucid than the terms of the other, both sets of names being apparent efforts of the mind to find points where its knowledge could fade away into ignorance in a manner elegant and gentle. When found in a fog, he said, man names the fog and it becomes a part of his science. It is surely no myth that there is a human race, and that there was a first pair, and, since the witnesses of its beginnings are all dead, the names of Adam and Eve are as good as any others. Why, then, should men be alarmed about the safety of faith and morality?

The sermons of this period—1872-74—covered a wide range of topics, and show that the preacher was trying to meet the real need of his age. They were, like all of his earlier work, resplendent in imagery, marred indeed, at times, by purple patches of a too exuberant fancy. Under new phrases and modes of thought lay in fresh clearness wide expanses of important truth, with now and then a fine, keen irony directed against many of the old dogmas. The general conception of religion set forth in these sermons was that it must be natural, real, reasonable, with the emphasis upon those truths of Jesus which are laws of life and those experiences which can be reproduced by man in every age. If the church is ever to conquer the world, he argued, it must begin by consecrating the best agencies already at work, by giving its benediction to civilization in its humanest form. This it must do before it can assert the right over even a humane civilization of a power other than civilization. It must hallow natural human brotherhoods, if it is to set up a new fraternity based upon the value of the soul to God.

"Christianity as a Life" was a sermon typical of this period, and a sermon more fundamentally true and beautiful it would be difficult to imagine. The old saints grasped the idea that religion is a life, but they failed in their interpretation of what life is; so also the Puritans. Against this narrowing repression of the human impulses to beauty, joy, and love for the life that now is, the preacher protested as a Greek might have done in a Christian pulpit. "A spiritual life may underlie all pursuits and pleasures; a judge on the bench or a young heart in the open fields, may be wholly within the spiritual life introduced to us by the Savior. The law of the spirit of life in Christ is nothing more than a grand, broad human life all pervaded by righteousness, and a certain elevated sentiment toward God and man. Before we can preach Christ as a new life, a life of the spirit, we must declare to men that the spiritual life is wide and deep and beautiful." To the same import ran his plea for "A Broad Orthodoxy," an orthodoxy which rises above the tumult of sects to meet the immense scope and variety of human life, and of the Bible. Theology must not rest upon a few texts of Scripture and the Bible be turned into a hunting-ground for proof-texts. Truth is infinite, and a "Confession of Faith" can be only an imperfect index to the volume. Such digests are valuable as histories of opinion in a former time, but useless as monitors; landmarks jutting out from the headlands of the past, not paths into the future. Let the creeds of the fathers be written by their sons, not the creeds of the sons by their fathers.

Hints of heresy must have reached him, as witness these words from an exquisite sermon on "Soul-Culture": "It has easily come to pass that the most useless and forlorn men on earth have been the professional heresy-hunters. Living for a certain assemblage of words, as a miser lives for his labeled bags of gold, they have always left their souls to go dressed in rags and to die of famine in sight of the land of milk and honey." Many dogmas are of little worth because they have to do with ideas which, true or false, are incapable of being made into the fiber of soul. Thus: "It is not the Trinity that moulds human life, but the doctrine of God. It is not the procession of the Holy Spirit that may shape the human soul, but the fact of an ever-present Spirit. That Christ was eternally begotten of the Father is a doctrine that cannot be appreciated by man's heart, but the Christ of the New Tes-

tament can be grasped and loved. And so the success and beauty of life will be related to the latter of these statements, and wholly discharged from the former, without penalty or costs." Not by truth alone but by mystery, "the wandering shadow of truth," is the soul fed and uplifted; and any survey of faith must admit "those shadows of awful facts that perpetually hang their dark curtains before us." But it must be mystery, not mystification—the great night-scene of life, not a dark lantern hold-up of reason. After this, one wonders why the trial for heresy was so long delayed.

And the wonder grows as one reads the sermon on "Salvation and Morality"—a unique blending of logic, humor, satire, and pathos. He regretted that the word salvation had been used in an unhappy way and that it must have always the suggestion of its former verbal associations about it. As we cannot agree what literature is, what poetry is, so we may not presume to define salvation in terms of exactness. A definition, "when exact, is so far false; for in order to define a saved soul, it would be necessary for men to read the judgment of God." To say that we are saved by faith in Christ is to leave us still in the mists; "for faith in Christ is a phrase made of words that are like the bits of colored glass in the kaleidoscope, forming many pictures, according to the hand that turns the glass. This vagueness ought to make us the more unwilling to separate salvation from good works. As to the alarm of the pulpit that many were relying too much upon morality, he held that it jarred not only with the teachings of Christ, but with the events of the age. In an era when the Credit Mobiler scheme was flourishing, when men were getting their salvation by simple faith and their fortunes by complex rascality, over-caution against salvation by good works seemed to Swing premature. He was very earnest in pressing this point:

"A religion is needed that will not dare tell mankind that works are of no significance, that will not cast contempt upon any righteousness except an imputed one, a religion that will not dare spurn the entire life and words of Him who spake as never man spake. This is not a salvation without Christ. The difficulty will be found that to be that it has too much of Christ in it. To the teachings of Calvin and Luther it adds the teachings of Christ as an important supplement. There is a Christianity that will save the world. It has not only a faith, but a morality as essential as its faith. There is a Christianity that will not only fill heaven with saints, but earth with good citizens."

At last a sermon on "Old Testament Inspiration" brought on the skirmish which ended in the heresy trial. By inspiration Swing meant a certain divine assistance which enabled men to think wiser thoughts and better; differing, we may infer, only in degree, and perhaps in theme, from that ascent of the soul which sets a great poem in the literary sky. It did not, in his view, take the form of perfection, but of great help. In harmony with this presumption we should not expect to find a pure and lofty morality in the far off age of Moses. Revelation is progressive. The Mosaic age was a beginning, but its inspiration began and ended in a single sublime idea, the unity of God. The instant you left that idea, you touched humanity. The people fought and cheated, and held and sold slaves, just as the Greeks and Romans did, and acquired land after the fashion of a barbaric period. Holding the true idea of God, they claimed a plurality of wives; appointed to bear religion a step onward, they falsified like the heathens on all sides. "There is, it seems to me, no other conceivable method of treating the Old Testament than that found in the word *electicism,*" said the sermon in closing.

Dr. Francis L. Patton, editor of *The Interior,* a local Presbyterian paper, took issue with this doctrine of electicism, and made lengthy reply. He charged Swing with a tacit denial of the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, and opened the columns of *The Interior* for debate. An impeachment of the Almighty or a denial of the accuracy of the Bible was the dilemma on which he impaled Swing. But there are many dark corners in theology, and Swing declined the corner which he said had been "fixed up" for him. As a larger theory he suggested that in rude ages and among barbaric peoples God accepted a temporary morality, and that the same God who passed a bad divorce law and inspired a savage war-song, made the crudeness of both obsolete when that which was perfect had come. This theory had at least the merit of being ingenius, and it showed a desire to meet intellectual difficulties. The spirit was willing even if the logic was weak. But Dr. Patton would not permit his victim to escape by such an easy, vaulting movement: "If you condemn the Israelites, you must either condemn God or discredit the Bible." To which Swing replied: "I *do* believe the Bible and *condemn* the Israelites. Your theory seems too defective and too timid to be considered as the undisputed theory of the great Presbyterian church." But in this he was manifestly mistaken, for that theory was the keystone in the arch of Westminster theology.

Swing realized this later and in reply to Dr. Patton said, speaking of the 109th Psalm: "It is barely possible that my discourse may have contained words that should not have fallen upon the ears of a Presbyterian audience. But it contained no words that made God appear as a general in battles that surpassed in cruelty those of Julius Caesar, and no words that bind those battles up in the world's *infallible* rule of faith and practice." As a final argument Dr. Patton said that, holding such views as Professor Swing defended, a minister with the obligations of the Presbyterian church upon him, could not consistently remain in her communion. This "bull of a paper pope," as the *Chicago Tribune* called it, amused Swing, but it greatly exasperated his friends. Dr. Patton was a young man and had but recently come to the city, and it was felt that he was too officious and pugnacious. Swing replied in his gentle, semi-humorous way, that if the church could endure Dr. Patton as a theologian, it ought to be able to "put up" with him as an humble worker. Meanwhile, the *Tribune* remarked, with a twinkle in its eye: "The theological market may be quoted as fairly active, with brisk inquiries as to futures."

The Year's Child

Spring wandered lightly through a city street
Where many crowded and impatient feet
Jostled and drifted, pressing ever on;
Until a presence, vague as coming dawn
Or some forgotten, half-hid melody
That shyly lurks beyond the conscious ken,
Spread newness o'er the frayed-out souls of men,
Trailed from afar a sense of unsung song,
And lured to life old faded hopes that long
Had laid inert. Ah, but it seemed to me
A little child, in passing, plucked my sleeve,
Slipped trusting hand in mine, nor asked my leave
To cling with arms that knew their right to cling,—
The sweet, unanswerable right of Spring.

—*Mary Baldwin.*

To live in the presence of great truths, to be dealing with eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals,—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him. —*Francis G. Peabody.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?
REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Attitude of the Christian Toward Socialism from the Church Point of View

PAPER READ BEFORE THE OUTLOOK CONFERENCE, MONDAY, FEB. 24, 1908, BY REV. FRANK L. ANDERSON, PASTOR OF NORMAL PARK BAPTIST CHURCH, CHICAGO.

The economic and the spiritual cannot be separated without danger to the higher interests of men. The economic divorce from the spiritual runs into gross materialism, while the spiritual divorced from the economic gives us a pious product so unrelated to the actual experiences of men that society inevitably loses contact with what should be the great dynamic in social betterment. The author of "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," speaks of "the upthrust of wholesome discontent, which is commonly the push of a divine purpose resident within." That discontent has an economic phase distinctly at this time. Let the Christian ideals remain unrelated to this aspect of our social life and both the economic and the spiritual will suffer, if not die. What God has joined together man must not put asunder.

We have spoken of aspects. Absolute separation is an absolute impossibility. The making of money in order to satisfy legitimate human minds is work permeated with moral and spiritual ideas and ideals. No dollar was ever made or spent without the maker coming in contact with the spiritual principles of life. There is no normal realm to a moral being. Whether he eats or drinks or whatsoever he does, he does it either in obedience to or in disobedience of mercy, justice, law, righteousness. The man himself moralizes that on which he works. He casts his own shadow upon the work of his hands. He gives his own character to his industrial environment. The material craves the colors of the nature of the moral man.

The church has a distinctive *spiritual* mission. It is the exponent and prophet of the invisible power not our own that moves men towards the rule of righteousness among men. The church, in others terms, is the forerunner of the Kingdom of God which comes through the operation of invisible forces, but is itself in no sense a disembodied something the presence of which can be determined with no more certainty than the ghosts of the departed.

It was said by one of the church fathers that what the soul is to the body that Christians are in the world. The soul is in no sense unrelated to the body. Every mental state speaks in terms of the material body. Mental and spiritual states cannot remain in compartments all by themselves. So with the church in relation to the industrial life of man. Man does not live by bread alone, but he must have bread. The ideals of the church color the industrial life of men. Are these ideals allowed to speak, then the bread problem is affected. Are these ideals kept in a sort of monastic cell, the social life of men suffers. But permanent separation is impossible. Monasticism is always a temporary experiment. The ideals of the church are spiritual from one point of view, but they are inevitably bound to find concrete expression in the economic life of men. The spiritual unity of the early Christians found expression in a common table and in a common purse. The *spirit* of brotherhood found a language in common possessions and in a service that was based on needs and not on deserts and merits.

Socialism is primarily an economic movement. Its emphasis—emphasis, I say—is upon material welfare at least—as a starting point—as a condition of a nobler humanity. The movement, I say, is distinctively economic as the church is spiritual. The economic colors the spiritual as the spiritual colors the material life of men. They open up into each other. They influence mutually. The one cannot say to the other, "I have no need of thee." We believe that God is imminent in the church. That is the profession the church makes. What so will happen in the nature of our economic life should we practically recognize that God is imminent in our industrial life—or should be? What if one should say not only of the church but also of the economics, that there is one spirit, while there are diversities of workings and manifestations? What happens when the church incarnates that ideal? We know. There will be mutual service and not selfish individualism. The apostles, prophets, teachers and the like, live and work for the building up of the churches as a unit. The whole life of the church becomes *organized* in obedience to *service for those who send.* The solidarity of the church determines the life and organization of the church. The church is a socialistic institution, because of its ideal. The ideal has created the organization. Whenever individualism has gotten the upper hand in a church that church has suffered terribly. The church is organized for the service of all and not for the profit of the few, Ananias and Sapphira, the first to introduce individualism into a socialistic church were electrocuted by the socialistic Spirit of Holiness.

Socialism in the church and individualism in economics cannot remain long in the same society. The multitudes outside of the church care little for the church because they suspect the church is individualistic in its practices, being the organization, as they say, that is controlled by a few who are themselves autocrats in economics. Brotherhood and socialism are interchangeable terms. Whenever the church has practical brotherhood the poor have sought its service. The church that today is organized so as to guarantee the greatest service for the greatest number, gains the attention of the wage worker. That church is socialistic and not individualistic.

The church being a socialistic institution should not wage war upon the attempt to organize our economics in its own principle. Socialism in the church has been tried and found not wanting. Wherever the church has been most socialistic the multitudes have been most truly helped in the direction of the highest ideals of character and service.

Let us remember that socialism has been tried in *politics.* We in America believe in democracy in politics. The church has stood for it. Pastors have preached in favor of it. Have they been criticized for doing this? They have been canonized at times. If we would give our very lives for maintaining democracy-socialism—in politics—why not do the same in order to secure the operation of that same principle in economics? Again, what kind of a churchman would he be who would advocate the reintroduction of monarchy in the home? Would the *patria pobstas* be welcomed in America? Would not preachers be expected to use the power of the pulpit against the reintroduction of such an ideal? The family is organized on the socialistic basis. Individualism in the home would mean its destruction.

There was a time when schools were the property of individuals or groups of individuals. The movement now is towards the socialistic ideal. Of course all our *public* schools are operating on the socialistic principle.

Would you, churchmen, inaugurate a crusade in favor of private schools to be permited by law? The very rich would not object, but the poor would. Our public schools are stars of the first magnitude in our national firmament. But they are organized on the socialistic principle and for social service.

The church, the state, the home, the schools, these are socialistic—and these we as churchmen, stand for. There is but one more department in our life that has not as yet come into this great family. That is our economics. What is the sign of the times? What is the spirit of the age? It is collectivism. The solidarity of the human family is one of the organized ideas of today. I believe it is the voice of the Spirit of God. Industry must be organized for the service of the many and not remain where it now is for the service of the few and the *charity* of the many. It means revolution. But we must remember that we are professed followers of Him who has revolutionized society again and again. Of Him we say on Sunday, "He hath put down princes from their thrones, and exalted them of low degree. The hungry He hath filled with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away." Isn't that revolutionary? I dare any clergyman to preach a sermon on that text without having the stigma of revolutionist put upon him even in this twentieth century of our Lord's influence. The Christian is not a conserver of ideals generally accepted. He is a radical who will not conform to the age in which he lives, but will permit the Spirit to renew his mind daily with the sure truth that never fails to come to such open, responsive souls. The church is not in the *missionary* making business. It does not stand for the perpetuation of vested interests whether in theology, or in politics, or in economics. It is no longer a sin to be a theological heretic. Political heretics are heroes in our nation's history. The only nation in which heretics are most feared at present is in economics. Those who are earnest in alleviating suffering produced by adverse conditions are saints even when they have themselves pushed the victim over the bank into the water whence they rescued him with their left hand, the charity organization. But the socialist has set out to do away with a system of economics that has cast multitudes into a material and spiritual hell in this world.

Economic orthodoxy cannot live long with theological and political heterodoxy. The spirit of democracy that has put the emphasis in theology on an imminent God as on a transcendent God, that has put the emphasis in politics on the rule of the people for the people as one against the rule of the sovereign for the sovereign's glory, that spirit demands that our economics shall be reorganized upon that same principle. Our nation cannot exist long with two-thirds liberal and one-third conservative. The church must beware lest it becomes the advocate and exponent of good customs that too often corrupt the world. The church of Christ, whenever it obeys the Spirit of Christ, is inevitably revolutionary. There was a time when the church stood squarely for slavery. It spoke in order to conserve and perpetuate that institution. We are not praising the church for its conservatism in those days. We blush and apologize. There is a slavery today as terrible as was negro slavery. The economic autocrats in those days were pigmies compared with those in power today. Will the church speak for *property* rather than for the *man?* That was the message the church declared fifty years ago. Will the church repeat her folly? Will the church exalt the mighty and keep down those of low degree? If so, the next generation will blush and apologize for our acts today.

The church stands primarily for the spiritual interests of men. But we know how the economic affects the spiritual. The church must interest itself in the economic for the defense and culture of the spiritual. The message Moses brought to Pharaoh from the Lord was, "Let my people go that they may serve me." That exodus was an economic movement, but with a spiritual aim. The economic conditions of the Hebrews injured their spiritual interests. There must be economic liberty before there can be spiritual culture of the highest kind. Is there any economic ideal before the world today so comprehensive as that held by socialists? It proposes to give economic liberty to all men. As a churchman, I am in duty bound to cooperate with any economic movement that maintains such an ideal. Its realization will mean a noble manhood, a profounder spiritual revival. The abolition of slavery meant not only better conditions for the negroes in natural things, it meant intellectual enlargement and intellectual culture such as had been impossible without the emancipation. Millions of men must today have economic liberty before they can serve God and develop their spiritual nature. I believe that there is no other movement that can do as much along this line as socialism. It is not a cure all. It is but a mighty servant of the spiritual interests of men.

Socialism will affect the spiritual. The church, the prophet of the spiritual, has a great work in behalf of the socialistic movement. Jesus found ready for his use the idea of God's Kingdom among men. It was crude, gross, materialistic. He did not cast it aside. He purified it. He charged it with the ethical and the spiritual. He transformed it. The socialistic ideal has been in the hands of its advocates too often gross, crude, atheistic, materialistic. Many good churchmen have therefore been afraid of it. They have cast it away. The church must do with socialism what Jesus did with the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven. In conclusion then, the church and socialism, based on the same fundamental principle, must *co-operate.*

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

(*Continued from last week.*)

Emily Howland, Sherwood, N. Y. (Paid.)
Jessie S. Moss and Milton Moss, Huntsville, Ala. (Paid.)
Thirteen dollars received from three others.

From a Chicago Subscriber. In answer to your letter regarding the permanent fund for UNITY, I should like to subscribe $5, but do not feel ready to join that band of $30 people. I am ready, however, and willing, unless something unforeseen occurs, to continue my subscription each year with you at the head of it.

From a Brother Minister. I am sorry I cannot join the $30 brigade, but I send what I can—check for $3.

From Calistoga, Cal. You cannot regret more than I that I am not able to give to the endowment fund, for although I feel young in spirit, my seventy-six years puts me past the line of earning activities.

From Huntsville, Ala. Enclosed please find the respective checks of my son and myself who would together make one of "UNITY'S Thirtieth Regiment." We wish only success to this undertaking of incalculable value to the present and future generations. May the present chieftain continue long its leader.

From Sherwood, N. Y. I promised to be one of the number to contribute $30 each toward a fund for an endowment for the continued life of UNITY. I enclose herewith a New York draft made payable to UNITY in fulfillment of my promise for that sum.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Emma Goldman in Chicago.

The presence of the well known priestess of anarchy in the city is a matter of serious import to the Chicago police force. Last week she was prevented from speaking and forcibly ejected from the hall at Twelfth and Waller streets, where she was announced by the chairman of the meeting to speak on the topic, "What Anarchism Really Stands For." Captain Mahoney escorted her from the hall and assured her she would not be permitted to speak at any such meeting. According to newspaper reports, Assistant Chief Schuettler does not approve the action of Captain Mahoney and asserts Miss Goldman will be allowed to speak providing no disturbance is created. Apparently there is great fear lest the "right of free speech" shall be denied, but sooner or later the city administration, as well as other apostles of so-called liberty, must learn to draw the line between liberty and license, and the duty of the government to prevent meetings which will inspire or produce such criminals as the one who attacked Chief Shippy will be recognized. It is difficult to understand what particular message of value or profit Emma Goldman could bring to any people of Chicago by speaking on the topic of anarchy. The right of private conviction must be maintained, but the public avowal of what amounts to treason against the government must needs be prohibited.

China Submits to Japan.

By agreement made in Shanghai last week the Tatsu Maru incident is closed and China will purchase the arms on board in order to prevent their reaching the rebels and pirates who were seeking to procure them from Japan. China agrees to pay the actual loss resulting from the detention of the steamship, to accord a naval salute to the Japanese flag, and to punish the officers who seized the vessel—certainly a much more generous contribution to Japanese pride than any self-respecting nation could be asked to make. Japan, on the other hand, agrees to use strict measures to prevent the export of arms to China. Whatever the injustice of the matter, it is cause for rejoicing that the difficulty is settled.

Will There Be a Coal Strike?

In the last few weeks large coal dealers have been rushing great quantities of coal into Chicago warehouses anticipating another great coal strike by bituminous operators. Whether there will be a strike or not, it seems certain that coal mining will be suspended on April 1 in the bituminous fields of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and western Pennsylvania, pending a new agreement with the miners, which is a necessary condition of further peaceful operation. Last week at Indianapolis there was held a special convention of miners and as a result the Scale Committee of the organization has invited the operators in the central district to meet them on March 24th to arrange a new agreement, but it is asserted the Ohio and Illinois operators will not consent to any meeting until new officers take charge April 1st. An amicable suspension and ultimate agreement seems possible.

Florence Nightingale in London.

Last week a notable ceremony took place in Guild Hall, London, in the presence of many doctors and nurses, at which the freedom of London was bestowed upon Miss Nightingale, "The angel of the Crimea." The aged nurse, now in her eighty-eighth year, was too infirm to attend, being represented by her nephew. The costly gold casket, which it is customary to provide on such occasions, was omitted from the ceremony in accordance with Miss Nightingale's wish, and the $500 usually expended for the same will be given to charity at her request. This action is characteristic of this noble hearted woman, who may be called the real instigator of the Red Cross movement which has done so much to ameliorate the horrors of war.

A Political Plot.

Chicago papers have exploited at great length in recent issues what was called an "attempt to besmirch Mayor Busse" and other city officials by a committee of clergymen of the Douglas district. To those at all cognizant of city conditions and officials and in any wise acquainted with the ministers whose names were given, no more complete condemnation of the charges and character of the newspapers could be asked than a mere statement of the facts which they allege. When seven of the most prominent and highly respected ministers in the vicinity of Thirty-ninth and Cottage Grove are accused of smirching the character of Mayor Busse, the public opinion is not in doubt as to the truth. It is true that one of the ministers was unwise and undoubtedly erred in placing confidence in some investigators, but it is also true that the city administration very much needs investigating, that the charges of graft can be substantiated, and that the attempt on the part of certain newspapers to connect these ministers with thieves and criminals is easily judged at its true value. Of course the investigation proved the newspaper charges utterly unfounded, as regards the ministerial committee, but it may yet prove true that these ministers, supported by other citizens, will demand more of justice and righteousness on the part of the city administration.

Uprising in Hayti.

As a result of a conspiracy among Haytian soldiers and roughs to assassinate the president and overthrow the government, some twenty-seven conspirators were summarily executed by the administration and a forced calm resulted. President Nord Alexis issued a proclamation to the people giving assurance that order and the security of the government would be maintained. The statement is made that General Firmin, leader of the late revolutionary movement, now a refugee in the French consulate at Gonaives, had organized this insurrection in Port au Prince. At any rate the conspirators were taken by surprise with arms and munitions and promptly executed. American, British and German warships were promptly ordered to Hayti to protect the interests of their respective governments, as it was feared a negro uprising would endanger the lives of foreigners.

Riot by Ann Arbor Students.

As a result of the prompt ejection from the theater of a college student who persisted in giving the university yell, a mob of 2,000 Ann Arbor students began to throw eggs and rocks, and later attacked policemen and firemen summoned to the scene and seriously damaged three buildings as well as injured various officers. Mayor Henderson finally sent a call for the local militia and then the mob dispersed. Eighteen students were placed under arrest, but were finally released on bail at $1,000 each. It is estimated that the damage done amounts to $2,000. The maximum penalty under the statutes of Michigan is five years in prison, $1,000 fine, or a year in the county jail. A movement has been started among students and alumni to raise a defense fund; the prosecuting attorney insists that the law will be enforced.

New Registration of Voters.

According to the unrevised returns, there are now 426,521 voters in the city of Chicago, an addition of 64,000 to the list of last August. It is asserted this great increase is partly due to the fact that the new primary law will be put into operation the coming August. Unless all signs fail, this new law will radically change political customs and methods in the city and make it exceedingly difficult for any political boss to dictate the choice of candidates for municipal election.

Duel in St. Petersburg.

In the presence of a crowd of officers and a score or more of women, Lieut. General Smirnoff and Lieut. General Fock, last Thursday fought a duel in St. Petersburg, as a result of a statement made by the former concerning the courage of General Fock at Port Arthur. At General Fock's fourth shot General Smirnoff fell, seriously wounded. According to reports General Fock has been challenged by General Gorbatoffsky and a second duel is expected. In practically all the other nations of the world this ancient and barbarian method of wiping out "debts of honor" has been abandoned if not authoritatively abolished, but Russia seems impelled to add to her national disgrace in all ways possible. Certainly these recent affairs go far to discredit the standing and character of the national leaders in the eyes of Christendom.

The Presidential Outlook.

Mr. F. A. Hitchcock, in charge of Taft headquarters at Washington, announced the other day that Mr. Taft is already assured of 552 votes at the national Republican convention in June, or sixty-one more than will be required to nominate him on the first ballot. This, of course, is a mere prophecy, but there seems good reason for the prediction that Mr. Taft will secure the nomination. On the Democratic side it has been confidently asserted recently that Governor Johnson of Minnesota would be the Democratic nominee, that Mr. Bryan would withdraw in his favor. In other circles, however, it is as confidently asserted that nothing can prevent the nomination of Mr. Bryan by acclamation.

Grand Pacific Hotel Burns.

Last Saturday morning one of the most famous hotels of Chicago was almost ruined by water and smoke resulting from a fire which started on the seventh floor of the building. Damage of $300,000 was done before the flames were subdued, but all guests escaped without serious injury. Among the heroes of the incident was a Cuban elevator man by name Sparaldo. The Grand Pacific will be rebuilt and remodeled.

C. A. O.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

A new book from the Senior Editor of UNITY I have just learned rests on the table of my Northern study. I have to wait until I am sure of milder weather before I shall find it, and the robins and the bluebirds all together, and all singing the same sweet song of love for God and man. It is published by the University of Chicago Press, and consists of sermons preached to his confirmation classes from time to time. From Chicago to Sorrento is a long distance —measured by rods and miles—but my heart goes out very strongly to this old chum of mine, who used to pull with me in my western work, and has pulled after me so cheerily and nobly. The builder of Abraham Lincoln Centre is worthy of a great hearing and a circle of readers that may shake hands together around the world.

I wish that all who are interested in the strong drift toward industrialism in education would get the "Addresses and Papers," recently published by Andrew S. Draper, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, and printed at Albany by the Education Department. Dr. Draper has committed himself entirely to industrialism, and he is making a brave fight against that sort of education which turns boys into sausages. Stuffing is no sort of fair exchange for a spirit of investigation and a development of selfhood. If this nation cannot learn higher and truer habits of thinking and feeling and willing, it has not many centuries ahead, and does not deserve it.

I hope every reader of UNITY has studied President Roosevelt's last message to Congress and weighed it well. Joking about the big stick, and pointing the finger at Roosevelt's quibbles and follies, does not in the slightest degree disprove the fact that he stands for a mighty moral revolution—a revolution that will put honesty into business and plow under the rot of our huge cities. Let every man that is born again take hold and pull along these lines. Mr. Roosevelt's superb vitality sometimes spills over into fields where he is not by any means intellectually equipped for sound judgment, but for all that he is a man called of God to make this people a people of righteousness. He is like Isaiah, in the White House. Whoever next takes hold of the plow, whether Bryan, or Hughes, or Taft, or Johnson, they will find that the great issue will be a moral issue and a manhood issue, whether in terms of Tariff, or States' Rights, or Business Honesty.

Hamilton Holt, managing editor of *The Independent,* recently published a book entitled "Undistinguished Americans." James Pott & Co., publishers. It was a volume of sterling merit and originality. He is now in the field with a lecture on "The Federation of the World," in charge of the Pond Lyceum Bureau, New York city. He is delivering this lecture to colleges and universities, himself a graduate of Yale. I call attention to this matter because Mr. Holt was in attendance at The Hague Conference and is thoroughly acquainted with the whole peace movement. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the recent National Arbitration and Peace Congress and one of the founders of the New York Peace Society. He is carrying *The Independent* along these lines of peace and international fraternity as well as national purity with all the vigor of a sturdy manhood.

E. P. POWELL.

Sons of the Republic

Patria, qui communis est parens omnium nostrum.—Cicero.

Again Earth feels the tread of marching feet,
  Though files and serried ranks nowhere appear.
Ye hearths and homes, fancied secure, the seat
  Of peaceful joys, dark shadows hover near.
  In vain we listen anxiously to hear
The loud huzza presaging victories won,
  Accent of noble rage in priest or seer,—
Safeguard of State, the soldier's benison,
Preludes of Erie, Gettysburg, and Lexington:

Ominous silence! Blindness inscrutable!
  Or bred of ignorance or apathy.
In alleys, roads and lanes, with purpose mutable,
  Each beard a stubble-field, lack-luster eye,
  A surly glance, or none, at passer-by;
Unhoused, unfed, unwashed, unkempt, unmaned;
  Bivouacked, perchance, where wastes of cities lie,
Nor thought nor care for roof-tree, kin or land,
Misfortune's soldiers are, an idle, vagrant band.

O Mother, Proud Republic of the West,
  Are these thy sons? Is such the progeny
That thou dost offer in thy youth as blest?
  Far other issue 'twas their hope would be,
  Who bravely died at thy nativity.
Far other also is the hope they bring
  Who web thy name in woof of poesy—
Of justice, freedom, sturdy manhood sing,
Till man aspires, and noblest thought takes wing.

If thou dost grieve for the unhappy lot
  Of these thy children (Yes, we take withal
Thy matron word they were not base begot);
  If fault of theirs be not congenital,
  What milk from thy full breasts could prove but gall?
What teachings at thy knee, exampled fit,—
  Obedience, the virtues cardinal,
With industry, and reverence—have lit
The paths of sons of thine who thus so vainly flit?

Or does, alas! indulgent motherhood,
  While softening Virtue's ideality,
Weaken their will, emasculate their blood?
  Vain thy regrets, in vain thy grief shall be,
  Battling with matricide and anarchy.
"Nay, had not each unfettered choice of goal?
  'Twas mine to give them being, leave them free."
Take not this flattering unction to thy soul;
Thy task youth's *guidance* was, and thou must drink the bowl.

But hast thou e'er, in truth, with blinded eyes
  And equal hand, bestowed thy many gifts?
Caressed and smiled upon, yea, bade arise
  In tones all motherly, that sorrow lifts?
  Pointed the silver lining through the rifts?
Bade weariness lie down and take its rest
  Untremblingly, as fame and fortune shifts?
So shall thy children hark to thy behest;
Thus, only thus, shall they rise up and call thee blest.

If not thy love, let fear attend this wrong.
  Fraught with what danger now! Still later, worse!
An army—growing—half a million strong!
  Attila, Scourge of God! Or Sylla's Curse!
  Then, Fate of Empires to thyself rehearse:
The happy days of Virtuous Industry
  Precede Great Wealth, resisting rugged nurse;
Moral Corruption, Degeneracy,
And Vice, prepare for Revolution—*anarchy! !*

"Westward the Course of Empire takes its way."
  Arise, some Joshua, whose august command
Our Sun of Empire shall instant obey!
  Adorn thyself with simple fillet band
  Of earlier days, O Mighty Mother! And
Ye, her sons, make not of victories won
  Reproach, but prove ye worthy, in a land
Forever lighted by ascending sun,
  A brotherhood with Lincoln and with Washington!

San Francisco, Cal. LEROY BLISS PECKHAM.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

"LA PATRIE," A TEMPERANCE PARABLE.—Looking over my recent accumulations of French and Swiss papers, a number of rather striking temperance articles attracted my attention, among them, in *Le Protestant*, this graphic bit of description, from the pen of Rev. Wilfred Monod, of a scene in the heart of Paris:

"Suddenly at the foot of the Porte Saint-Martin, which stands dark, mute and austere as the Past in the midst of this fair, I see a strange emotion take possession of the multitude. Everyone's looks are directed toward the sky, groups form along the edges of the sidewalks, where actors, journalists, porters, housekeepers, young working girls coming out of the shops for luncheon, street urchins and policemen elbow one another. Even in the middle of the street pedestrians stop and gaze upward. If they are not run down it is because coachmen and drivers also have their gaze turned toward the zenith. At every window of the great buildings up and down the boulevard heads appear, and one queries by what magic, in the center of Paris, at midday, all these human beings, shut up indoors, have been made aware, at the same instant and in the twinkling of an eye, of this mysterious phenomenon which stirs them so profoundly. Is it a fire, an eclipse, or some meteoric display? I raise my eyes and behold with amazement a spectacle such as I never saw before.

"Against the gray background of a cloudy sky there is discernible a formidable fish, flying, an apocalyptic dogfish, whose mouth, like that of the shark, is on the underside near the belly. This animated spindle, in color like yellowish taffeta, glides silently through the air, performs its evolutions with majestic deliberation, turns to right or to left, rises and descends at will, with that perfect equilibrium, poise and certainty characteristic of an animal in its native element. The illusion is striking for those whose positions are just below the abdomen of the monster, and it gives the imagination a shock.

"It is the dirigible air-ship '*Patrie.*' From where I stand the basket and all the mechanism of the aerostat are, literaly, invisible, lost in the shadow of that prodigious belly. One can only see, near the neck of the indescribable beast, a small whitish screw that turns noiselessly like the arms of a diminutive windmill. And, at the tail end one can make out —like scales, brilliant and *sui generis*— the vivid colors of the national banner.

"The crowd remained dumb and motionless, as if petrified. A hush came over the tumult of the thoroughfare and an almost religious silence fell upon this throng of human beings, broken only by brief exclamations of surprise, admiration and pride.

"What was passing in the depths of their brains? Was it a vision of future wars that floated up there for this peaceable multitude? Was it the intuition that human genius had just vanquished one more obstacle in that centuries-long ascension which has permitted it to conquer, little by little, the earth, fire and water, and that from now on puts it in possession of the air? Was it a feeling that boundary lines can henceforth be erased from our atlases; that the instrument of international pacification has just been forged; that the era of universal brotherhood has at last dawned upon the world, and that once more there descends from the clouds, but with more manly vigor, the angels' song at Bethlehem, 'Peace on earth'?

"A strange emotion took possession of me. I could not take my eyes from this celestial apparition, which later will be so familiar to our posterity, against the pure blue of June skies or the purple of sunsets.

"The old carved gate, massive and monumental, had risen like a grim reminder of death in the midst of 'Vanity Fair'; but now, with this aerial ship, it was toward the future that my soul took radiant flight, borne on the wings of a supernatural hope."

In a postscript, Mr. Monon adds:

"A few days later we learned with stupefaction that this airship was lost forever. This dramatic accident inspired the text for an anti-alcohol placard worded thus:

"*A Dirigible Gone to Perdition!*

"All civilized humanity is stirred by the tragic end of the airship '*Patrie.*' This king of the air, after a magnificent voyage from Paris to Verdun, was rudely carried away by the tempest. Drifting, the sport of the winds, it floated over the British Isles, zigzagging across Ireland into Scotland, even touching the ground in one tremendous drop and scattering there pieces of her admirable mechanism, then darting madly out to sea to be lost beneath the waves.

"The irony of fate for a—*dirigible!*

"More pathetic than this is the fate of the drunkard, born king of creation!

"The human body is a living dirigible. Alcohol deranges the cerebral motor. Then the being, without a rudder, stumbles physically or strays morally, scattering as it happens, health, fortune, family happiness, will, reason, heart, conscience, in its pitiable course toward the abyss, into which it drags its own.

"Yet there are people who can laugh at a drunken man and are indifferent to the alcoholic!

"An airship lost at sea—What a catastrophe!

"A man gone to perdition—What of it?"

Mr. Monon has some of these placards at disposal, which he will send on request. M. E. H.

Love and Loyalty

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

(From the University of Chicago Press.)

A New Book of Sermons Preached to His Confirmation Classes From Texts of Their Own Choosing.

There is a prefatory sermon on "Life's Commencements," which should be read by the world as a whole, so wise and gentle and kindly is it. Though a book of printed sermons, such work should be carefully discriminated from the ordinary perfunctory work of American pulpits. Mr. Jones has a personality which has enabled him to win and retain a congregation which is willing to think, and regards no branch of human knowledge as too remote for its intelligent interest.—*The News* (Chicago).

They are sermons to inspire pure living and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—*The Watchman* (Boston, Mass.).

It is clean, wholesome, rugged. It comes from a soul in full communion with Ruskin, Emerson, Browning and other like world spirits. [But] the religion of the cross still contains a subtle and universal power far beyond that of any gospel with the divine Christ omitted.—*Christian Century* (Chicago).

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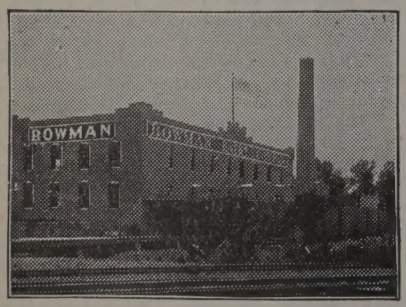

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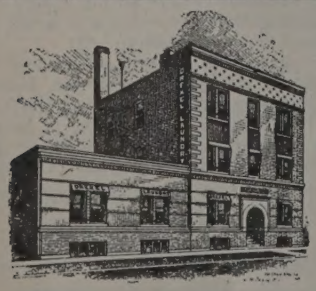

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